The People's Advocate.

$2.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. | Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. | Single Copies, Five Cents.

VOL. VI. | WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882. | NO. 47

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

J. W. CROMWELL, - - Proprietor
GEO. H. RICHARDSON, - - Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
609 LA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, BOX 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

OUR PAPERS.

There are fully nine thousand newspapers, daily, weekly and monthly, in the entire country. The daily papers published in the larger towns and cities form a small proportion of the whole, the majority being weekly papers having an average circulation of less than one thousand copies. The dailies in the larger towns and cities, the metropolitan weeklies and several publications representing certain denominational, commercial, or political interests, pay large dividends to the owners and influence the thought and action of thousands and millions of the people of this country; the majority, however, have little, if any, influence outside of the communities in which they are published.

The colored population of this country is about six and a half millions or more than one-eighth of that of the country, and there are less than one hundred papers published by them. There is reported but one daily newspaper and that at Galveston, Texas, the remainder are weekly and monthly publications.

To properly estimate the influence and character of these papers the standard by which they should be justly judged, is not the exceptional but the average American newspaper; not the New York *Independent*, with a quarter of a century of experience, prestige and talent behind it, not the New York *Observer*, which is now more than fifty years old, not the weekly *Tribune*, or publications of equal character—these represent the possibilities of American journalism, but the just standard of messurement is the average weekly paper, but little known beyond its vicinage. Taking this as a basis, we apprehend there will be less of flippant talk, less of snap judgment on the character of the average colored newspaper which has managed, in spite of the lack of hearty material support from the intelligent class of colored people on the one hand, and the irresponsible indifference and uncensurable ignorance of the masses on the other, to maintain an existence.

If the colored people of this city who regularly *read* the two newspapers published here will subscribe and *pay* for them, we hazard the opinion that these papers will do more than keep pace with the intellectual progress of the race.

WHEN Mr. Cook, Monday night, spoke of the possibilities of the Progressive Co-operative Association with the support of the thousands of this city, he forgot that the same reasoning could be applied to our papers. If people are not to be blamed for withholding support from these because they fail to meet the approbation of individuals, they should not be condemned for not joining that until it has already been a pre-eminent success. "Logic is logic, that's all."

TEMPERANCE.

That measures, other than those now in operation, should be taken to prevent the increasing intemperance in our city, among both white and colored citizens, is in our opinion very apparent. It seems, from the increase of intemperance, that the temperance societies of our city are either derelict of duty, or serve merely as an aggravation of the evil, and further that, unless some new plan of action be adopted by temperance people and lovers of decency and peace generally, our city will be over-run by criminals and drunkards. We think that the people of Connecticut appreciated the situation when the legislature of that state passed the following bill:

SECTION 1. That if in any town 12 persons of adult years shall petition the Board of School Visitors to order instructions in the public schools concerning the effects of intoxicating beverages on individuals and of the community, the Board of School Visitors shall consider this petition, and, by a formal vote, decide whether or not to grant its request.

SEC. 2. If any person feel aggrieved by the decision thus made by the Board of School Visitors, then, upon the petition of 20 legal visitors of the town, the question shall be submitted to the next annual town meeting, which shall have power to finally decide it for one year.

It will be seen that the bill contemplates the education of popular taste, not by removing the ingredient, but by disseminating a knowledge as to its composition and effect. This will, by the ordinary rules of demand and supply, decrease the manufacture of alcoholic liquors and relieve the state of the greatest curse, excepting slavery, that ever rested upon the American people. We are of the opinion that, since the school system is designed to educate the pupil up to all the demands of enlightened society, the most dangerous obstacles *should* be made the subjects of special instruction and that, above all things, the effects of intoxicating beverages be taught. Now that Congress has under consideration the new district code, would it not be well for our temperance organizations to ask that a provision, instituting a system of instruction similar to that above referred to, be incorporated? It will at least give the rising generation some idea of the awful consequences of the use of intoxicating liquors and stamp poison on the article. As for those who have seen and realized the effects of intoxication, and who yet persist in the use of liquors, there is but little hope. They will soon pass from the stage and make room for a generation who will avoid the use of poisons and consequently their effect.

THAT SUIT.

We are happy to say that the farcical libel suit in which Messrs. Lacey and Bruce were the accused, has terminated. Judging from the indignation of the friends of justice and the colored press, the decision of the court has reacted upon itself and is now fast placing the accused in the light of martyrs. It has been stated in the courts that the press has assumed too much authority, but since the courts do not patronize newspaper companies to any appreciable extent, we are satisfied to accept the popular verdict. As usual, the colored press has been made to wear the brunt of judicial displeasure. We join the popular feeling and hope that the *Item* may yet "shift" the judicial thunder and make a test case of it.

THE March *Atlantic* has an unusually large and varied list of contents, which should make it a very popular number. Mr. N. H. Egleston tells "The Story of the Hoosac Tunnel," which, as one of the great triumphs of modern engineering, as having involved endless discussion in Massachusetts, and as being the route of one of the great thoroughfares of the country, has a national interest. Prof. N. S. Shaler contributes a paper on "Hurricanes," which, in view of his experiences of the past year, will surely find a large number of interested readers. Rev. E. E. Hale continues his articles upon the Life and Times of Jesus Christ, with an account of "A Visit to Jerusalem," which reproduces with wonderful distinctness the scenes and characters which give to that visit a never-ending attraction. An anonymous paper surveys "The Political Situation" with no little ability and candor, and those who are curious about the future of the two great parties will do well to read this. An engaging article on "Hymns and Hymn-Tinkers," by A. P. Hitchcock, will very well repay reading. Elizabeth Robins contributes another of her very interesting essays on mythology, this time devoted to "Loki." Prof. John Trowbridge, under the title of "Life and the Dream of Life," discusses with vigor and great intelligence the relative value of different departments of study. H. H. writes "Among the Sky Lines, a Colorado sketch." Mary Treat has an interesting out-door article on "Our Winter Birds. J. P. Quincy discusses "A Difficulty in Hamlet," and Gen. S. M. Quincy reviews recent volumes on the "Campaigns of the Civil War." Besides poems on Charlotte F. Bates and Edith M. Thomas, Mr. Whittier contributes one entitled "At Last," and Mr. Holmes one, "Before the Curfew." The similarity of the theme and the characteristic difference in treatment of these two last-named poems, and the deep thought and religious feeling in both, are so noteworthy that they cannot fail to attract a wide reading and unusual interest. Mr. Stedman has a perfect little poem on "A Great Man whose Mind is Clouding." Reviews of new books and the Contributors' Club complete a remarkably interesting number of this sterling magazine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE tribute of ex-Secretary Blaine to the memory of Garfield is as beautiful as it is deserved. It will add to the reputation of Mr. Blaine as a master of English composition, and extracts from it in our school text books will serve to cause millions unborn to place proper estimate upon the life and services of Garfield and to emulate his example.

WE have just received from T. B. Peterson & Bro. Philadelphia, an advance copy of the mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon, by Emile Tola; also from the same house Mon. Le Ministre, by notice, will be made in a subsebuent issue.

THE EMBASSY FROM FOUTAH DJALLOW.

From L'Illustration 21 Janvier. '82

TRANSLATED BY MRS. R. J. SMITH.

Dr. Bayol has just arrived in Paris with an African Embassy from the regions of the Upper Gambia. Dr. Bayol is not unknown by our previous lectures. Already about two years ago we referred to the mission of Gallieni to the same place of which he formed a part, and who encountered great dangers before arriving on the borders of the great river of the blacks. Shortly after this, a new mission, topographical and military, having for its chiefs Colonel Desbordes and Commander Derrein, left for the same region. We have already spoken of this in the month of August last year. The mission went as far as Kita, where a military post was established. To-day it is our most advanced post in the direction of the Niger, from which it is separated by but a comparatively short distance, and which will without doubt be next surmounted.

The end of these explorations, these studies, these relations held with certain chiefs or kings of the country, were we know to prepare the means to bind the Niger to Saint Louis and to Senegal by a firmer or surer way, to open by this river a grand route to Soudan and Central Africa, all this part of the African continent to our commerce and our industry—in fact to arrive at length to establish there the preponderate influence of France. We may consider this all but accomplished to-day. Principal points have been occupied, relations established with certain small monarchs, treaties signed, the first steps to a projected railway commenced, and if any hostilities should show themselves again against us in that region, from henceforth there will be little to fear!

Nevertheless all was not terminated. If we walk on ground rendered more solid, this ground was not yet so well fortified on all parts that we could say it was impregnable. At the southwest one part remained open where danger might arise unawares, by which an enemy jealous of our progress and desirous to overthrow for its own profit, a work accomplished with the price of so many sacrifices. This port was Foutah Djallon, an elevated plain of rare fertility which separates Senegambia from the basin of the Niger, and encloses four to five hundred thousand inhabitants, agriculturists and warriors; the enemy were our rivals of the sea coast, separated from us only by this plain or plateau: the Portuguese, of Boulam, and the English, of Sierra Leone and Gambia.

It remained then, to perfect and consolidate our work and prevent the enemy from penetrating to us by this port, and it is Dr. Bayol who was officially charged to go and shut it, and which we hasten to say he has perfectly succeeded in doing. Leaving Dakar the 5th of last May, the following 14th of July he signed at Timbo with the two almamys (kings) of Foutah Djallon a treaty which opens all the country to our nation to the seclusion of strangers and places under the protectoral of the French government the countries comprised between Senegal to the north, Melacoree to the south, the ocean to the west and the Niger to the east and, last week, he arrived in Paris with an African Embassy, charged to bring the confirmation of the treaty to the government of the Republic.

So, thanks to this unexpected result obtained by Dr. Bayol, thanks to this happy treaty brought by him from Foutah Djallon, therefore can France maintain in liberty and in all assurance pursue her march to the Upper Niger and give to her commerce, in these regions of Central Africa, after having definitely attained it, an extension so much the more rapid and more grand that she will no longer fear serious competition.

As we have already said, Foutah Djallon is a very fertile plain. Situated on the northeast of the English Colony, Sierra Leone, about a thousand kilometres in the interior of the land, it governs the basin to upper Senegal and extends the length of the rivers Gambia, Rio Nunez and Cassini nearly to the coast, which belongs to us without solution of continuity from this last river as far as Rokelle, of which the most important stations are Boke and Benty, commanded by French officers under the direct authority of the government of Senegal. The Faleme and the Bafing, which form by union with the Bakoy, the great river of Senegal, there takes its rise, as the Niger, and the running rivers of which we have spoken above. Never was soil better watered than Foutah Djallon. From this is the great richness of her soil. There is also an abundance of water during the rainy season, which adds to its salubrity.

In effect, one meets at every step in the Foutah Djallon straight and deep valleys, abrupt gorges which fill with water during the bad season, which gives rise in the lower places to a great deal of marsh, the exhalation of which making it at this time very dangerous as a place of sojourn.

Foutah Djallon is peopled by Maures and Joloff, soot black, the most beautiful and the most intelligent of the Negroes, and the Peuls. These have not the traits of those. They resemble the Abyssinians. Their skin is clear black and they speak a language of great sweetness.

Labe, Madina Tymoy Toumy. Fougounda are the principal towns of Foutah Djallon, if one can give the name of town to a quantity of houses large and small grouped together without order. Each house is enclosed and has for a gate a small pavilion of earth, through which both people and beasts easily pass. Timbo, the capital, is not otherwise constructed. One particularity of the political state of Foutah Djallow is, that the people are governed not by one, but by two kings, who succeed each other alternatively every year. It is right to mention Foutah Djallon has no history. LOUIS CLODION.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN TEXAS.

Extract from a Letter of Bov. Bishop Warren, published in the New York "Advocate."

We now come to the 400,000 people of African descent in Texas. Some of the work of the West Texas Conference lies in a region scarcely touched by religious influence, where you may find men who were brought from Africa before the war, and where there is as much Fetichism and Voodooism as in the Dark Continent. It is an Africa in America. The Conference is steadily pressing into that country. Of a class of fourteen admitted on trial, all but one were perfect specimens of the pure, unadulterated Negro race. We met in a "city" of nearly 3,000 inhabitants. It had four other churches, not one of them was as large, neat and well appointed as the church of the colored people; neither could any show nearly so large, regular congregations. The Conference showed rare discrimination in disposing of "unacceptable, inefficient, or secular" preachers. Speaking of one, an elder said, "He is like what our preachers were ten years ago, he believes more in racket than sense." He reminded me of what the colored woman said to a noisy sister: "Ah, honey, when you have the precious Holy Spirit, you will be as quiet as if the holy babe Jesus was given asleep to you to hold, and you feared to wake him up." Probably the grandest giving in America was seen when this Conference became personally responsible for subscriptions to the Freedmen's Aid Society to aid in building their own Conference Seminary to the amount of 3,000. I have seen magnificent giving, but never on this scale before. The Texas Conference, the following week, surpassed it by giving $3,500 to aid in establishing another Seminary. Dr. Rust immediately added $10,000 cash to their promises.

Are we benefitting these people? Of a class of ten candidates that stood before me, only one used any tobacco. Where most of the men and many women are deluging the cars with tobacco-juice, this fact is significant. A few years ago we sent a minister to a wicked place, where he had great difficulty in getting a hearing. Now the neatest church in the city, filled with happy Christian people, belongs to our members. In a parsonage near by dwells a graduate of one of our schools, with his wife, also a graduate. The whole is as bright an example of the power of grace as any in the State In a city of over 20 000 inhabitants lives a skillful dentist, his wife a music teacher; he is running as a candidate for school director of the city. One of the most inteiligent white men I met there, one who had been a high official in the State, said of him, "I hope he will be elected. He knows more about our school system than his opponent," and his opponent is the Mayor; the man is a Negro. In another city I met a man said to have the largest medical practice of any physician in the place; he is a graduate of our Medical College in Nashville.

Seven pastors in the Texas Conference reported an aggregate of over 1,000 conversions in the past year.

I am surprised at the number of white people who come to hear our colored preachers. One of them has half of his regular congregation made up of white people. They can find no better preaching, and are often at the altar.

One of our preachers went to Bonham last year, whence Bishop Janes and his Conference were driven by a mob before the war. He could find no one who would give him shelter for a night. He slept in the woods with his grip sack for a pillow and his umbrella for his only cover. He prayed more than he slept. He opened a revival meeting next day, amid great opposition, but desisted not until he had a dozen conversions. The work grew so much at subsequent visits that they bought and paid for a church lot, 140x60 feet, and they are now seeking to erect a Janes Memorial Church. They ought to have $1 000 immediate help. The true Christian retaliation is to put a fountain, school or church where mobs have prevailed and martyrs have died. Who will help?

Some of the grandest Christian work of this age has been done in this region of country, that belongs to God, and is a field for all his workers. The $1,000,000, nearly, spent here by the Freedman's Aid Society, has been God's seed, and will produce abundant fruit. The Society needs $50,000 immediately for work already begun, and twice as much to begin other needful work.

EXCHANGES.

The Thing in General.

Walk down the street at any time, in Atlanta, and you can see colored people reading the different white journals of this city. But suppose you ask them to subscribe to a colored paper; they will show a hesitancy. But if they subscribe, you will wear the soles off both your shoes, running after them, before you collect the subscription. If you want colored journals to aid your cause, support them; then you can hear both sides. White journals tell you nothing good about our race, unless you know of a Negro who has stolen a ham of meat, or a sack of flour. Help your own papers; then if you want to spend your time and money for white journals, do so.—*Defiance.*

A new beneficiary organization called the "Seven Stars of Consolidation," was constituted at Texarkana about six months ago, by Mr. B. F. Mitchell, Rev. N. D. Shyrlock and others. It is, we are informed, conducted on the mutual insurance plan. Only one death has occurred in their ranks since the inauguration. The assessment has been collected, and on last Tuesday was awarded to the rightful heirs of the deceased. Such institutions as those should be fostered. They have already twenty lodges in Texas.—*Ex.*

In the city of Jacksonville we have a City Marshall in the person of Mr. Geo. H. Mays, a representative of the irrepressible race, who may be seen daily mounted upon his fiery charger, dashing through Bay street, attired in his insignia of gilt, in front of the same. He sits on his steed with a grace and dignity only equaled by a M[illegible] General, and strange to say his appearance occasions no undue notice.—J. A. NEWBY IN *The Defiance.*

Rev. James Poindexter is making a fine record for himself and race in the city council of Columbus, Ohio, and has proven himself awake to the city's interest.—*Ex.*

We are glad to know that Mr. D. M. Ashby, recently business manager of the Stewart Concert Co, has been offered, and has accepted, a government position in Washington. Mr. Ashby is a highly cultured gentleman and fully competent to fill the position to which he has been called.—*Review.*

Mr. W. E. Mollison, editor of the Mayersville *Spectator*, has been appointed and confirmed Superintendent of education for the county of Issaquena. He is the only colored man in the State holding a position by appointment from the Democratic administration. Mr. Mollison is a Republican in politics. —*Ex.*

—There are in North Carolina six colored lawyers (one of them a Solicitor), who make a living at the law, and seven licensed doctors, who have taken a regular course in medicine.—*Goldsboro Star.*

To Whom It May Concern.

Parties residing here, desiring to see the undersigned on any business will please call at his office 609 Louisiana ave. between 4 and 5 p. m., or at his residence, 1511 P treet, n. w., in the evening and *not*, unless specially authorized to do so, call where he is employed by the General Goverment.

J. W. Cromwell.

Bilious disorders, liver complaints, costiveness, dyspepsia &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Forty years' use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

It is impossible for a woman, after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

WANTED!

Canvassers to solicit subscriptions in South Washington for the ADVOCATE. To such a liberal percentage will be paid. Inquire at the office any afternoon between the hours of four and five.

Sentimentalism and Ignorance.

The annual deaths from chloroform in this country used to be twenty. They were, probably, not more than one in every 30,000 of persons to whom it was given; but they were intolerable to those who felt in any measure responsible, though blameless for them, and many went back to the use of ether, which is safer, though less convenient. Probably less than one in 50,000 dies of it; but I saw one die to whom it was faultlessly given, and he was so good and generous a man that I felt it would have been right to kill a hundred animals either to save his life or to find out why he died, and to be able in the future to avert so awful a catastrophe.

It is in reflection on cases such as this, in which lives are lost or health is impaired for want of knowledge which seems to be within reach of experimental study; that medical men of science feel justly impatient of the estraints put upon these researches. They know that such knowledge as they want has often been gained by experiments on animals; they know that the experiments made in this country are, both severally and in their total, far less pain-giving and far more useful than are either the shooting, hunting or fishing practiced by many and encouraged by nearly all of the best people in the land.

They see all round them mere luxuries of dress and furniture, gathered at an immense cost of pain and misery, and perhaps only a little more useful than might be obtained from animals killed for necessary food; and yet they find themselves selected for legislative restraint and still exposed to public and private charges of vile cruelty, abused in sensational meetings, and as much as possible hindered in the studies which even legislation would permit.

Of course, among the opponents of experiments on animals there are several very different groups, and with some of these it is useless to appeal to reason. Some have committed themselves to the agitation, and cannot recede without discredit or material loss, and some are carried on with so strong an impulse of a mind once made up that they cannot pause for a revision of their judgment. But there are many who favor the agitation only because they are ignorant of the facts of the case; they have heard or read accusations of cruelty grossly misstated, and have heard no defense or denial of them.

Various Paragraphs.

Few are the men who are content to give up their country for the sake of their principles. One has been found in the person of Senor Joaquin Nahrioo, the eminent Brazilian politician. He has withdrawn from the Chamber of Deputies and from public life in Brazil because he is unable to persuade his fellow-countrymen to emancipate the million and a half of slaves they hold. He has arrived in London where he intends to live in future, having shaken the dust of Brazil from his feet forever.

The advantages of the American baggage system in tracing and recovering lost packages was strikingly illustrated on Tuesday evening. A disciple of Isaac Walton was fishing off the Howard street foot bridge for cod with a baggage check attached to his line for a sinker; when, feeling a strong tug at his hook, he pulled up and found a valise securely fastened to the line. This extraordinary luck has induced a number of down-towners to go fishing for the key.—*New London Day.*

Princess Jeanne, the intelligent and pretty daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte and his milliner wife, is about to be married to the Marquis de Villeneuve Esclapon. Her dowry of 2,000,000 francs is probably a part of the money brought into the family by her brother's marriage with Mlle. Blanc. Her future husband has, like herself, aesthetic tastes, and the young pair became acquainted by contributing, one to the preface, the other to the illustrations of some forthcoming Provencal poems by William Bonaparte Wyse, the friend of M. de Villeneuve and cousin to the Princess.

A law office noted for graduating successful politicians has at last been closed at Ashtabula, Ohio. It was opened in 1821 by Joshua R. Giddings, and among the subsequent partners in the firm were Benjamin F. Wade and R. P. Ranney. There were only seven partners altogether, yet they furnished one Vice President of the United States, one United States Senator, one Congressman, one Judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, one Consul-General to Canada, two Ohio Common Pleas Judges, one member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, two State Senators, two State Representatives, three prosecuting Attorneys, one Probate Judge, one Provost Marshal and a number of local officers.

It often happens that the sharp instrument with which God shapes the rough materials of our souls—cuts, and wounds, and wears away the flesh.—*Id.*

Gems for Reflection.

The science of life may be thus epitomized—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Our good deeds rarely cause much gossip among our fellow-citizens, but our evil ones leap immediately into notoriety.

He who is always inquiring what people will say will never give them an opportunity of saying anything great about him.

The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it.

He who has been spoiled by success may readily be sweetened, but he who has been spoiled by non-success has lost wholesomeness forever.

Treat the evil companion with "skilled negligence," and you will never have to bear the curses that come home to roost.

L'Estrange says: "So long as we stand hoggling at imaginary evils let us never blame a horse for starting at a shadow.

Love is a great deal like the small pox. It is hard to determine at first whether it is the genuine disease or a kind of varioloid.

One principal point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of man—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

Three things too much and three too little are pernicious to men: To speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to presume much and be worth little.

If man or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for.

Items General and Personal.

The French indirect taxes have yielded over $43,000,000 more than the estimate—that is, the yield of the corresponding taxes in the previous year.

Celluloid is now being used in the manufacture of artificial eyes. The material is lighter than glass, and its non-friable qualities renders it more trustworthy in emergencies.

Senorita Barca, the daughter of the Spanish Minister at Washington, is a thorough Andalusian in appearance if not in origin. Her little foot is delicately arched, her carriage is superb, and her eyes are dark and brilliant.

"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well my darling I cant tell 'cause you see there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

"Life in America is as everywhere else, many sided. There is one side of it—the country life—where the fatal dollar has little authority, and the people remain as quiet and as contented as the men of Laish. It is a side which travellers seldom see, and which the world never associates with the American character."—*Saturday Review.*

Senora Cataline Gongara Falls Three-Fourths of a Mile.

A few days ago an Associated Press telegram mentioned briefly the rumor that a Mexican girl had dropped from a balloon in mid-air while exhibiting at Cuantla. The particulars of the accident now comes from Laredo, Texas, by mail. The aeronaut was Senorita Cataline Gongara, a pretty miss of seventeen years, whose feats of daring had made her known throughout Mexico. Placards announcing that she would make an ascent from Cuantla plaza on Saturday, the 14th instant, drew a great crowd from the surrounding villages. The senorita was punctual, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day shot upward in the midst of bravos and the waving of handkerchiefs. The balloon was inflated with hot air and the only support for the aeronaut was a trapeze, upon which she performed as she sailed skyward directly over the heads of the multitude. Cheer upon cheer came from the spectators as the senorita went through her usual feats upon the trapeze until the distance became so great that she looked like a bird. The balloon had reached an elevation of about three-quarters of a mile, when a sharp cry rang through the plaza and hundreds covered their eyes with their hands. The air-bag had collapsed and the girl was falling as swiftly as a meteor straight to the earth. When some men among the spectators reached the spot where the body had struck they found the girl dead. At the funeral on Sunday it was announced that the police would be prosecuted for permitting the ascension in so frail a structure.

The Field of Science.

It is predicted by M. Duponchel that the next sun-spot maximum period will be before 1890. It may perhaps occur in 1888, but the great probability is that it will present itself in 1892.

A locomotive provided with an electric head-light has been placed on the French Northern Railroad. The electricity is furnished by the application of the surplus power of the engine.

A series of experiments is in progress at Portsmouth, England, in order to determine the selection of the best dynamo-electro machine for the working of "search" lights on board of war vessels.

A prize of $550 is offered by the Royal Italian Scientific Institution, at Venice, for a "statement of the hypotheses recently advanced by physicists on the causes of the phenomena of light, heat, electricity and magnetism.."

The New York State Medical Society condemns the use of the so-called "foods" for infants. These foods are sold in large quantities, although nothing is known of their composition, or whether they are not worse than useless.

A thick vein of a peculiar substance, which, according to local chemists, contains 50 per cent. of pure paraffine, has been discovered at Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. It is said to be worth $200 per ton, and to exist in enormous quantities.

Professor Palmieri, of the Mount Vesuvius Observatory, has in the course of his spectro-analytical examinations of lava just discovered a new line which corresponds exactly with that of helium, the famous element hitherto seen in the solar spectrum only.

Dr. Stephan, Secretary of the Imperial Post Office, Berlin, does not believe that houses are endangered by overhead telephone wires, but he says that it is important that in arranging the wires due provision be made that atmospheric discharges of electricity find a ready path to earth.

It is recommended by M. Duboscq that the carbons in the electric arc lamps should not be placed exactly in the same line. When they are so arranged he says that the positive carbon is formed into a depression, at the bottom of which, and masked by its edges, is found the most intense light.

Messrs. Howard and Hodgkin have extracted from the bark of China cuprea an alkaloid resembling quinine in its general properties. It differs from quinine in the solubility of its salts and in the readiness with which the alkaloid crystallizes from ether. This new substance has been named homoquinine.

Why should not the "Glasgow (Scotland) Health Lectures" be imitated in the large cities here? These addresses are stripped of all technicalities, and deal with sanitary matters in a plain, common-sense way. When a lecture is delivered it is printed and sold to the audience attending the next lecture at the low price of 2 cents.

The *Sanitary Engineer* gives this valuable piece of advice to housekeepers: Beware of disused "conveniences," and don't trust to the memory of any one for filling the visible trap with water. Better remove the whole fixture and seal up its outlet if not wanted for frequent use. Moreover, don't you put such an antiquated device as a pan-closet in a first-class house anywhere. Even if its receiver be ventilated, the vent-pipe may work the wrong way and deceive you.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, on December 5, M. Faye criticised the proposal to establish meteorological stations in high latitudes. He does not think that much is to be learned at these places in the cause of science. It is simply a matter of conjecture whether the ice of the polar regions is the regulator of climates of the temperate zones. Modern science shows the regulator to be rather in the vast equatorial zone, whence storms travel over the two hemispheres. Instead of organizing a meteorological station at Cape Horn the French Government would do better to found one in the Azores.

The Grief of a Widowed Sea Lioness.

The Zoological Garden has suffered a serious loss in the death of "Ben," the male sea-lion, that occurred Tuesday evening. "Ben," was captured five years ago, in San Francisco bay, by Captain Mullett, and soon after bought by St. Louis Fair Association for $350. He was then thought to be about seven years old and weighed between four hundred and five hundred pounds. Since that time he has nearly doubled in size, tipping the beam, after dead, at seven hundred pounds. Ben's mate is disconsolate and she seems to be falling into decline because of her loss. When the house where they slept was entered to remove the body of her companion she was found lying by his side with her head resting across the pulseless breast.

Brief, but Pungent.

A good place for earthquakes: Shaker Village.

Where wooden legs stand it the best; Under a table.

The most popular inn in South America is insurrection.

Something that will keep, but not desirable to have on hand: a wart.

"Take your time;" as the jeweler said to the customer who had forgotten his chronometer.

Grandpa's Whiskers.

Grandpa likes to kiss wee Sallie;
She says no—
Saps his whiskers, thick and bushy,
Prick her so.

Grandpa's head is smooth and shiny
On the top,
Where the hair began to thin and
Would not stop.

Grandpa kisses; Sallie questions,
So 'tis said.
"Grandpa, why not put your whiskers
On your head?"

—BOSTON JOURNAL.

There are no pumps where the cocoanut grows, which, perhaps, accounts for the milk in it.

'Tis said the oyster frequently gets into a stew; but it has never been as yet reported that he jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"What sort of a man is he?" a friend asked Theodore Hook. "Short," replied Hook, "and bald. He used to cut his hair, but now his hair has cut him."

Crows in the Corn.

"Wake up, John!
An' come an' milk the cows!
The robbins an' the bluebirds are singing in the boughs,
The sun he been in sight
An hour above the hills,
It's time to feed the hosses an' to give the pigs their swill.
Caw, caw, caw,
The cows are in the corn!
Caw, caw, caw,
Get up and blow the horn!
Caw, caw, caw,
Ske-daw! ske-daw! ske-daw!
Crows are just the meanest thing a body ever saw."

—EUGENE J. HALL.

The Cat: A Study.

After the French of Victor Hugo.

[Any one familiar with the peculiar style and sometimes strained philosophy of this great French author, will find in the following a very amusing parody.]

The cat is the concrete symbol of a vacillating politician.

It is always on the fence!

It is the feline embodiment of one of the profoundest human principles wrenched from the circumambience of the Unknown and hurled into the bosom of consciousness.

Nine tailors make one man. A cat has nine times the life of one man, for it has nine lives. Possession also is nine points of the law. Behold a legal possession of existance equal to the span of eighty one clothier's lives.

Let us bow resignedly before this august fact.

The wanderer by the midnight seashore, when the moon—that argent cornucopiæ of heaven—is streaming forth her flowers and fruits of radience, and the illimitable is illuminated by ineffable, will have remarked the phosphorescent ridges that scintillate along the willow tops, until the breakers seem to curve and snort like horses' necks with manes of lightning clad.

So, oh man, when in the darkness of thine own chamber thou passeth thine hand along the furry spine of this feline phantom of the backyard, the electric sparks dart forth, and a flash of lightning fuses together the fingers and fur.

Exquisite antithesis of nature! The fire-side embraces the ocean. The hearthstone is paved with seashells. The monsters of the deep disport, reflected in glowing embers. The infinite abroad is brought into amalgamation with the finite at home.

The ocean roars.

The cat only purs.

The billows rise and culminate and break.

The cat's back rises. The feline tide is up and we have a permanent billow of fur and flesh.

Oh, impossible co existence of uncontradictory contradictions!

The Duke of Wellington was pronounced the greatest captain of his age.

The greatest captain of any age was the captain with his whiskers.

Let us not call this the tergiversation of history. Call it rather the tergiversation of nature.

The whiskers of the captain.

The whiskers of the cat.

The hirsute exponent of martial supremacy. The feline symbolism of the Bearded Lady, crossing her claws before the family fire.

Jealousy has been called the green-eyed monster.

The cat is the green-eyed monster.

"Old Tom" gin, in excess, is one of man's bitterest bibulous foes; man is the bitterest bibulous foe of Old Tom cats. The one puts the bricks in the hat of the second to be shied at the head of the third.

Oh, osculations between sky and earth! Oh, lips of the Seen touching the lips of the Unseen! Oh, wave of thought careering through the asymptotes of cloudland, crystallizing into angelic feel the tangents of humanity!

The stars are out at night.

So are the cats!

What Becomes of Punched Coins.

The unanimous action of the public in refusing to receive punched or clipped coins, except at a discount of about 30 per cent. of their face value, has had the effect of driving these pieces into the Mints for recoinage. Some smart fellow set up the following price list on his own account, and the people readily assented: For dollar pieces, sixty-five cents; halves, thirty-five cents; quarters, fifteen cents; dimes, five cents; half-dimes, four cents. As soon as this was made known and people began to refuse the coins the Treasury Department at Washington was flooded with pieces of all denominations, and the Government was requested to exchange good money for the debased. This became such a nuisance that the official determined to enforce the rule which provides that not less than $100 worth of coin shall received as bullion for recoinage. A large number of the pieces have been received at the Mint here, and after being recoined the owners lose about 20 per cent. of their face value. The silver which is clipped off and punched out is melted up, and then taken to the Mints for coins by the sharp fellows who steal it. There is a law against this, and it is very severe in its penalties, but it has not been enforced recently.

Sanitary.

Attend to Your Feet.

We devote a large amount of space this week to our sanitary condition, as this is a season of the year when it is imperatively demanded that we should guard our health, and in no way can we use preventives to better advantage than by observing the following laws and suggestions from good authority.

Care of the Feet

The Scientific American says: Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become perfectly saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants, but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water only, as well as the arm-pits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablutions is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn one day if necessary."

The Science of Health says: Never go to bed with cold feet. Never try to sleep without being perfectly certain that you will be able to keep them warm. To lie one night with cold feet, gives such a strain to the system as will be felt seriously, perhaps ending in a fit of sickness." Cold feet show an unbalanced circulation. The very best thing to do is to warm them by exercise, if that be practicable. If not, try dipping them in hot and cold water alternately, two or three times, and then using vigorous friction. If that does not warm them, and keep them warm, heat them before the fire, drying them thoroughly, and then correct your habits or improve your health; for be sure that one or the other is wrong perhaps both.

No part of the human body is so much neglected as the feet. Possibly, not over ten in each hundred, of even the educated classes, properly cleanse the feet and nails. Bathe the feet every night and morning with a little borax in the water. Ammonia and bay rum, though cleansing, have a tendency to dry the skin and close the pores. Frequent change of hosiery is more necessary than changing any other part of the clothing. After physical exercise, remove stockings, bathe the feet and anoint them, the ankles, and the calves of the legs, with healing oil and salve. Exchange the socks worn through the day for clean ones at early evening, and the brain will quickly respond to the restoring influence. It would be much better to neglect to wash the face for an entire month than to neglect to bathe the feet a single day. Pare the nails once a week, and, only after softening by bathing, remove the quick, which gathers under the nail, every third day, before it putrefies. Never use cheap or highly perfumed soap, as it has a tendency to dry and parch the skin, and so close the pores as to prove very injurious to health. Castile, olive oil, and other vegetable oil soaps are the best for the flesh.—[*Ex.*

Keep Your Feet Warm.

To keep these extremities warm is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the foot and prevent a free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, do not embrace the foot too blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined, that unless they are positively wet, it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, but on taking off the shoe and warming it, it will appear quite dry.

If your feet sweat too much, bathe them occasionally in tepid water to which has been added a teaspoonful or two of spirits of ammonia—enough to make the water feel oily. If this does not cure you apply a little tannic acid instead of the ammonia, which you can procure at any druggist's. Bathe your feet in spirits of ammonia. If that fails, use tannic acid. It is highly recommended to harden the feet and prevent excessive perspiration.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* gives the following remedy for chilblains: Into the coldest water you can get, put your feet, from three to five minutes; follow with a brisk and thorough rubbing with a coarse towel. This treatment faithfully carried out a sufficient length of time is a certain cure. We have seen it tested.

An Ohio mans offers ten dollars for every corn not cured in three days by binding cotton batting upon it and wetting three times a day with spirits of turpentine.

Lay pieces of raw fat pork on your corns and it is said they will disappear in a few days.

Soft corns may be cured by boiling tobacco to an extract, mix with white pine-pitch and apply renewing it once a week till the corn disappears.

Dr. Foote says, take coal tar, saltpetre and brown sugar equal parts and mix well, spread a plaster of the size corn on a piece of old kid glove, bind it on, leave for two or three days and when you remove it the corn will come with it.

WET BOOTS.—When you take them off at night fill them with dry oats. They will rapidly draw water from the leather, and as they gather moisture they will swell and fill the boot, stretching it and keeping the form perfect without hardening the leather. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, then draw on your boots and go happy about your day's work.

To put back a cold. So soon as you feel that you are taking a cold—and you will generally have notice before it amounts to much—place your feet into water made as warm as you can bear, and keep them there about ten minutes. Change them, then, into a vessel containing cold water—if ice-water, all the better—and hold them in it about a minute; after which wipe dry and put on warm stockings. This treatment will never fail to put back a cold, as I can testify from having practiced it successfully for three years. The feet seem to govern the cold, and this bathing them first in warm water and then in cold, leaves them all aglow, the effect of which is soon felt throughout the entire system.—[*Ex.*

Hard corns can be cured by letting a small piece of potash stand in the open air until it "slacks" then mixing it to a paste with pulverized gum arabic. Pare off the dead skin apply the paste and let it remain ten minutes then wash it off and soak the place in sharp vinegar to kill the alkali, then leave the corn alone and nature will do the rest, but throw away your tight shoes.

Very strong acetic acid carefully applied night and morning for a week will cure either hard or soft corns. Powdered chalk mixed with water is also said to remove either corns or warts.

The skin of a boiled potato applied to the corn is said to be a cure.

St. Gothard Tunnel.

The St. Gothard tunnel is now daily traversed by eight trains, four each way. Touching solidity of construction, the tunnel leaves nothing to be desired. The official inspectors express themselves perfectly satisfied with the condition of the work. Particular attention was paid to the windy stretch, which has caused so much trouble and given rise to so many fears, but the massive granite masonry with which this part of the passage is stayed seems admirably adapted to its purpose, and shows no signs of yielding to the immense pressure that weighs upon it. The ventilation is good, and no inconvenience was experienced from the temperature. The tunnel is lighted by lamps placed a kilometre apart.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the natural bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth.

The Autumn of Life.

The old man sits at his cottage door,
In the gleam of the dying day;
His heart is calm as the silent shore
When the winds have passed away;
His thoughts as still as the fragrant breeze
That whispers of peace to the azure seas.

His is the beauty of earth and air,
The glow of the twilight hours;
He feels that glory everywhere
Is breathing from woodland flowers;
And his heart grows young though his years are old,
At the wondrous sight of the sunset gold!

For Memory cometh with gentle hand,
And beareth on Fancy's wings
His thoughts to her own immortal land,
Where the past forever sings
Of joys that brightened the fair days fled,
Ere friendships faded with friends long dead

And the past, though sad, for the love that is gone,
Is sweet to the old man's mind;
Like the birds that sang in those years, have flown
The hopes he hath left behind;
Yet memory bring from each bygone day
Some gift of peace for his lonely way!

And the children love that old man dear
As he sits in the twilight there,
Listing a music they cannot hear,
From the sea and the voiceful air;
And gather around, like gladsome flowers,
As he tells them tales of the vanished hours.

And so the Present is made more bright
By the lessons the Past hath taught;
As the east reflects the wondrous light
Of the west, by sunset brought;
And though his vision is growing dim,
God maketh his pathway bright to him.

His age is peace; yet he joys to think
That a deeper than earth can know
Shall be his, when his tranquil soul shall drink
Of a balmier twilight glow,
In that happier Home, where his thoughts at last
Shall yearn no more for the distant Past!

Ruth.

I know I was a selfish old idiot, now, when I look around me and see the mercies given me in my helpless old age, feel the warm love around me on all sides, and realize the desolation my own hand reached forth to grasp; but I was blind to the future in those days when I so nearly wrecked all its happiness.

This was how it happened: After Martha died—my wife, I mean, with whom forty happy years of my life were spent—and all my children were dead or married, excepting Ruth, there fell upon me the heavy misfortune that has chained me to this chair, or my bed, for fifteen weary years. I had been a hard-working man all my life—a wheel-wright by trade—with a large family to rear, to clothe, to feed, to educate, and, ah me! one by one to bury in the old churchyard, till only Mary, James, and Ruth, our baby, were left to me. Mary married and went with her husband to the far west. James took his small fortune of a few hard-earned dollars and left us for the golden land of promise, California, and only little Ruth was left to us. Then the angel of death came for Martha, and only six months later I was stricken helpless with paralysis.

But even in that time of rebellious mourning, of bitterest repining, there was some consolation. First, there was the house and five acres of land, my very own, free of debt or mortgage, and a small sum in the bank, the interest of which lifted us above actual want. Then I had Ruth.

She was just twenty when her mother died, and others beside her father thought her face the fairest one for miles around. She had the bluest eyes, like the patches of summer sky, and hair that was the color of corn silk, and nestled in little baby curls all over her head—rebellious hair, that would never lie straight under any coaxing, but kicked up in tangles that were full of sunlight. Her skin was white as milk; her cheeks like the the heart of a blush rose, and her smile showed the prettiest rows of pearly teeth I ever saw.

She coaxed me from my wicked repinings by coming to me for directions, making me feel that my head was still needed to direct the work, though my feet would never more carry me over the doorsill. Then she fitted up for me a large back room that overlooked most of the farm and had Silas our head man, lift me up every morning and put me in a deep-cushioned chair by the window, where I could see the barn, the poultry-yard, the well, and the fields of waving corn and wheat. She made me feel myself of importance by giving me thus the mastery over my own little domain; and she brought up her own meals to eat with me in the room where my infirmity held me a prisoner.

She devised little dainty dishes to tempt me to eat; she put saucers of flowers on my table, that I might cheat myself into fancying I was out doors, as their perfume crept out on the air; she assured me, petted me, loved me, till even my misfortunes seemed blessings drawing us nearer together.

And when she was all the world to me, all that saved me from misery, John Hayes asked me to give him Ruth for his wife. I could have struck him dead when he stood before me, a young giant in strength, with his handsome sun-burnt face, glowing with health, and wanted to take away my one blessing, my only home child.

"I will be a true son to you, Mr. Martin," he said earnestly. "I will never take Ruth from here; but let me come and share her life, and lift some of the burdens from her shoulders."

I laughed bitterly. I know well what such sharing would be when Ruth had a husband, and perhaps children, to take her time and her love from me. But I was not harsh. I did not turn this suitor from my house and bid him never speak to Ruth again, much as I longed to do it. I worked more cautiously. I let him go from me to Ruth; and when he left her and she came to me, all rosy blushes to tell me, with drooping lids, and moist eyes, of her new happiness, I worked upon her love and her sense of duty till she believed herself a monster of ungrateful wickedness to think of leaving me or taking any divided duty upon her hands.

I wept, asked her if she could face her dead mother after deserting her helpless father. I pointed out to her the unceasing round of wifely duty that would keep her from my side, and proved to her that the duties of wife and child must clash, if undertaken under such circumstances as were proposed.

The loving, tender heart yielded to me, and John was tearfully dismissed. Through the warm autumn months, when the corn ripened and was garnered—when our crops were blessed and the little bank fund was increased by the price of farm produce—Ruth grew very quiet and subdued. She was not sad, having always a cheery word, and a pleasant smile for me; but the rose tint left her round cheeks, and I no longer heard her singing at her work. When I read the best pages in my books to her, I could see her eyes fixed dreamily on some far away thought, her work lying idle, till she woke with a start fretful questions.

The winter came in early that year and before Christmas everything was frozen up tight, and the cold was intense. We piled up coal in the stoves, listed doors and windows—that is, Ruth did the work, add I enjoyed the result; but there came one cold day—one Friday when it seemed no coals, no listing could conquer the cold. Children froze on the way to school that day, and were found, stiff and stark, leaning against the fences. Food froze on the tables.

On this cold Friday, Ruth hurried through her work in the morning, making my room the warmest place in the house, covering my arm-chair with soft woolens, and moving it near the stove. I would have it face the window, for my glimpse of out-door life was too precious to resign, but I was not, as usual, near it, for Ruth said there might be a draught.

When all was done in-doors, I saw from my chair Ruth, with a scarlet cloak and hood thrown over her, going to the well with an empty bucket. She stepped along quickly over the hard, frozen ground, and I was admiring the trim little feet and the dainty figure, when I saw her slide to the two steps that were above the well walls and fall. She had slipped, and she lay doubled up between the two wooden steps and the rough sides of the well as if she could not rise. Two or three times her hands clutched the lower steps, and she raised herself half way up, only to fall back again, as if her limbs would not support her.

And I could only look on, powerless to move to aid her. Oh, the agony of it! To know she was hurt, unable to rise, and I helpless as a log. I screamed and called for help. Silas was somewhere, I could not tell where, and I called loudly for him. I could see after a time that Ruth, after her frantic struggles, was growing drowsy with the death-sleep of cold. The scarlet hood drooped more and more, till it rested against the well-side and the blue-veined lids closed over her eyes. The sight called from me such a cry of agony as I thought must be heard for miles.

It was heard. A moment later, John Hayes, panting and eager-eyed burst open my door.

"What is it?" he cried, "I heard you calling on the road."

"Ruth! Ruth!" I screamed. "She is freezing to death by the well."

He stopped to hear no more. On upon the hard, slippery ground, down the steps with swift, rapid strides, and then I saw him stoop and lift the little scarlet-cloaked figure in his strong arms and come swiftly back, bending his face down over the senseless one on his arm, while hot tears rained down his brown cheeks. He put her on a lounge near my chair, and then dashed out for snow.

"Rub her, rub her!" he said. I am going for a doctor and for my mother!"

Before it seemed possible he could have crossed the lots to his home, his mother was with me, and lifted Ruth away from the fire to the bed. The doctor came, and the two worked till my heart sank with utter hopelessness before the blue eyes opened again, or the breath fluttered through the pale lips.

But it did not last, and John joined me in a fervent "Thank God!"

But Ruth had broken her leg, and we knew that she must lie helpless for many weeks before she could be our own active bright girl again.

"Do not grieve so," he said, gently. "She will live."

"Thanks to you," I said. "Oh, John, if she gets well she is yours. Give me your strong arm for life, John, instead of my helplessness. I see to-day where my selfish love has nearly cost her her life."

"Do you mean that?" John asked, with a little trembling in his voice; "do you really mean that?"

"I do indeed. Let her stay here, John. I will not be a burden on your purse, for the house and barn and all I have saved are Ruth's; but let her give me what time and love she can spare from you."

But he had to wait until the banns were called in church three times, though he came to us that day, caring for me with the tenderness of a son, while his mother nursed Ruth. They were alone together as we were, and they had shut up their house, and come to live with us, never to leave again. For one morning, Ruth was dressed in white by Mrs. Hayes, and propped up with pillows, and we had a wedding in the little room. My chair was moved in, and the neighbors came from far and near to hear the silent words that made John and Ruth man and wife.

And happiness has shed its true light upon our home ever since.—*American Sentry.*

Prose and Poetical Slices.

An odd nick-name: A South-end man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.

Roaring rapture—Somebody heard a Boston girl say: "I think he looked like a perfect raving angel in his uniform! He was awful heavenly!"

A smart small boy.—"Money makes my ma go," said little Skeesicks when his mother, armed with a $20 greenback, left for a town shopping tour.

In a bad way.—"Are you dead, Tim?" said an Irish father to his son, who had fallen down a well. "Not dead, father, but spacheless," came up from the depths.

Her Paisley Shawl.

Each Sabbath, when with the devout
I sit in church to think and pray,
My eyes, that fain would rove about
O'er all the scene in wanton way,
I hold with resolute command
On objects grouping near at hand.

There, just before me, without fail,
Where the long sunbeams brightest fall,
Sits a fair lady, tall and pale,
Enveloped in a Paisley shawl
Of that old style that never swerves
From blended tints in palm-leaf curves.

And while the preacher talks with force
Of faith and life, of death and sin,
Along each figure's winding course
My eyes goes glancing out and in,
Till every line above the pew
Is linked with doctrine old and new.

And every shade of color brings
Some truth or principle to mind,
Some picture fair of heavenly things,
Or peaceful thoughts of soothing kind;
And hope, and love, and virtues all
Run riot o'er that Paisley shawl.

Oh, lady, with the quiet face,
Sitting serenely in your pew!
Folding your garment to its place
You see not half that meets my view;
Nor know how it has come to be
Prayer book and rosary to me!

LAURA GARLAND CARR

Double-barreled metaphor.—Lawyer to witness: "You've brass enough in your face to make a forty-gallon kettle," Witness to lawyer: "And you've sap enough in your head to fill it."

Knocked down by a conundrum.—"If is poor taste to laugh at your own jokes," said Fenderson; "something I never do, though I do say it." "Does anybody else ever laugh at them?" asked Fogg.

A theological toss: At a young ladies' seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated thus: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

He wasn't saying anything.—"Man and wife are all one, are they?" said she. "Yes; what of it?" said he suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tipsy last night and feel terribly ashamed of myself this morning. He never said a word.

Profitable joke-cracking.—A wicked man has been getting a dollar apiece from simple-minded farmers by sending them through the mail, for one dollar, a "recipe" to prevent pumps from freezing on cold nights. The answer to the farmers' letters was: "Take them in doors over night."

The National Portrait-Gallery in London.

The vagaries of popular favor are singular and almost unaccountable. The national portrait gallery has now been in existence for more than twenty years, and in all that time less than a million visitors have crossed its threshold. Yet its doors are open to all, and within its walls are to be found nearly 700 portraits of men and women celebrated in English history, from Robert, Duke of Normandy, who died in 1134, to Chief-Justice Erle, who died only last year. Surely such a collection as this deserves a wider popularity than is represented even by the annual total, which it has now attained, of some 15,000 visitors.

A Solid Editorial on the Season.

A City's Bill of Mortality.

If the cold has come to stay, or only to last a few days, it has come so suddenly upon systems relaxed with the open dampness of the season heretofore that people need to take extraordinary care of themselves. We have not yet, in this country, invented lungs to match the "climate"—or rather the climate will not stand still long enough to be matched. The Greenlander knows his season, and so does the Cuban, and the Englishman makes up his mind to breathe cold fog from November through till April. But the pattern of American lungs is not suited to either fog or frost except by long sojourn in either. Arctic explorers get frost-bitten limbs and snow-blindness, or suffer from meat diet or from too nearly no diet at all; but they do not get pneumonia nor influenza. The only way to bear such sudden changes as come now along the whole coast country of the United States is to be extra weather wise. The fickleness of change which is so marked in California that muslin dresses and sealskin jackets are worn the same day by the same people is a part of our general coast climate now. It is still relied on that you can get steady weather in the interior and among the mountains. The winter thermometer is said to stand at one level in Minnesota, and upon our own Alleghanies; but nearer the sea we get every "sample" of the thermometer. The theory that our winters grow steadily milder seems to be disproved by last winter's experiences, and it takes a long run of averages to prove anything about it. But what no averages do show, and what are highly important in selecting winter climates for invalids, are the jumps of the thermometer. A land where you can sit by the open window in the morning, and must shiver over a blazing fire by night-fall may have its yearly mean temperature all right, but let those who have suffered with the damp chilliness of the South Carolina coast at night, or St. Augustine, set about a new sort of table-making for weather reports.

But the few people who need a traveler's guide to climate are insignificant to the hundreds of thousands of stay-at-homes, who must live in Philadelphia and take what comes along. It is more important that doctors should devote themselves to helping people how to live here than to making the best selections in ordering them away. While everybody is watching the small pox list, look at the consumptives! Look at the lung inflammations! There is not a "lung" scare, and yet how fatal was the chilly dampness of the fortnight. *Seventy seven* deaths from consumption, *six* from congestion of the lungs, *fifty four* from inflammation of the lungs, thirteen inflammation of the bronchi, one hundred and fifty in all, or exactly one-third of the deaths from all causes set down to these alone! This week we have the clear, bleak cold, with the searching winds; we have the dirt of the street frozen stiff and safe—only so long as it is not ground up to dust under the wheels of vehicles. We have the weather that must make old persons careful and delicate people, whereas the mortality of last week's reports was more heavily marked among people of between twenty and thirty years (54 deaths) and between thirty and forty years (48 deaths) than for other times of life. Younger folks were caught by the damp straw of the horse-cars, the wet feet and soaked garments of the pedestrian. These are the sufferers so far this week from the stiffening of the cold. Except little children and old age, the brisk cold weather helps most folks to get their blood in more active motion and so defend themselves. But for old folks this is the time for care. A chill on the surface, going out from warm homes or steam-heated workrooms or office, sends the blood too suddenly back upon the heart and this is the reason that sudden deaths are noted at this time. A little care in going out well protected may avert hundreds of congested lungs. Cold feet necessitate that the blood is somewhere else; cold wrists that the great internal steam-pipes are getting suddenly chilled. Warm arctics and warm wristlets, warm underwear or netler garments especially are important. Then the nose may grow red, but neither fingers nor soles will be chilled to danger. A strip of fur about the ankles and wrists may save many a dollar in doctor's bills, particularly as both are likely to be thrown off on entering the house and only put on to go into the cold again. The man or woman who desires to live in perfect balance with this weather must be sure to keep warm hands and feet. If this is secure it is more important than to muffle up the throat and face.

Coming out of places of amusement in this weather, it is well to take the latter precaution. After breathing an atmosphere hot and moist from a crowded room, the sudden change to the cold streets without falls directly on the delicate tissues of throats and lungs. It is best for woman to tie up heads and faces in extra wrap, veil, lace or woolen, and for men to turn up coat collars and not open the mouth to speak until both the church congregation and pleasure seekers are in tone somewhat to the cold night air. If people would but remember that they must be tuned up as a violin is, by degrees, to play their winter parts, there would be less danger at this season. By so protecting the body that no chill reaches it until the lungs are enjoying the cold air, we can get health out of winter, the sort of health that cold weather is especially designed to give.—*Ex.*

A War Incident.

The cry of "On to Richmond" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the "Third Ohio" one day when they found themselves *en route* as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat, stretched disconsolate on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other.

"Ain't you had any rations to-night?"

"Only a crumb or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and meat the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp-fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the Fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners, as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they run in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yanks enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

A Hopeful Celestial.

That wily Hong Kong merchant, Ling, sent as Commissioner to England, predicts the downfall of English commerce within five and twenty years. "The letting loose," he says, "of the Chinese people has given to the world a new obstacle against which a fight to the death will soon be commenced. The Chinese are made for commerce only. You men of the West will be fighting ere long, while we shall be making commercial profit of the opportunity of superseding you peaceably throughout the world. We mean to establish our counters in every great commercial centre in Europe, in London, Liverpool, Belfast, Bristol, Havre, Hamburg, Marseilles and Genoa. Europe will for a little while retain her financial supremacy, but we shall seize that power in the course of time, and the position of the English at Shanghai will, in a few years, be on a level with that of the Portugese at Macao. The rich men will be driven out by Chinese competition, and none but the poor will remain to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the nation as the Portuguese at Macao."

Equality generally means that one is as good as one's superiors, but better than one's equals, and above touching

It is not *what* is said, but *when* it is said, that gives a word half its weight; and so I think the best way to be sure of saying cheering words at the right time, is to say them always.—*Id.*

They are but shallow people who fancy that warm manners and warm hearts must always go together; but scarcely more shallow than the sentimentalists who think that warm hearts are always hidden in a cold exterior.—*Id.*

Old Trees.

The ages attained by some of the coniferæ are scarcely less extraordinary than their colossal bulk: The greatest longevity assigned to any tree is perhaps credited to the celebrated taxodium of Chapultepec, in Mexico, 17 feet in circumference, which is thought by De Candolle to exceed in age the baobab of Senegal, inferred to be 5150 years old. Goepperi states that Taxodium distichum has been ascertained by its annular rings to live 2000 years. The mammoth tree has been estimated to live 4000 years in California. De Candolle quotes a number of instances of longevity in the yew, and Endlicher considers one in Derbyshire to be 2096 years old, and the one at Grasford, in North Wales, 1400 years old. The pines, cypress, firs, larches and cedars are credited with ages of 200, 300 and even 500 years. Picea 200 feet in height is mentioned by Goeppert, as ascertained by its annular rings, to be 460 years old, and a larix of 120 feet to be 576 years old. The Scotch pine (Pinus sylvestus) is said to require 200 years to mature its timber to perfection. In Veitch's Manual of the Coniferæ the ages of some of these are stated at considerably less. Other examples of a longevity greater than 500 years are mentioned. These are Cedrasdeodara, 750 to 900 years; cedar of Lebanon, 600 to 800 years. It is important, however, to recognize the fact that rings of growth are not in all cases trustworthy guides, and the subject is still involved in some obscurity. The rings of growth in eucalyptus have been ascertained to be biennial. White cedars planted in England show symptoms of decay, as in Richmond Park, as if their full age in this climate at least were already reached.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Early Manuscripts of the New Testament.

All we have to depend upon for our translations of the New Testament are copies, ancient versions, translations, and the quotations made by the Fathers of the Church. The manuscripts of the New Testament are of two kinds—the uncial, the oldest class of manuscripts, written in capitals and without punctuation, and the "cursive" manuscripts, so called from their being written in a running hand that began to be used in the tenth century. Those of the old class were written between the fourth and tenth centuries, the others after the tenth century. Of the old there are one hundred and thirty in existence; of the new, about one thousand five hundred. The very old and very valuable manuscripts are only five. Of these, the Alexandrian Codex was originally discovered at Alexandria, and was sent to King Charles I. in 1628. It is now in the British Museum. Nothing is known of the origin of this, but it is usually assigned to the middle of the fifth century. It is much mutilated, twenty-four chapters of the first Gospel, two of the fourth, and eight of one of the Epistles being missing. The next is the Vatican manuscript, supposed to have been written in the fourth century. A copy of this was never made till 1868, when a *fac-simile* was issued. The condition of this is much more perfect. The third manuscript is that in the National Library at Paris, whither it was brought by Catharine de Medici. This had been overwritten—that is, the parchment had been used for other writings; but, in spite of that, the original has been deciphered. It is assigned to the early part of the fifth century. The fourth manuscript is that now at Cambridge. This is the least valuable, as it is much mutilated. It belongs to the sixth century. The manuscript found in 1844 in the convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai by Tischendorf, and copied by him in 1859, is the most valuable of the five, as it contains the New Testament complete. This is supposed to have been written in the fourth century. None of these most valuable authorities were consulted in any of the past English versions of the Bible, even in making that of King James' time. The Latin Vulgate, the plentiful cursive manuscripts and the translations were used.

Household Hints.

To determine the quality silk, take ten fibres of the filling in any silk, and if on breaking they show a feathery, dry and lack-lustre condition, discoloring the fingers in handling, you may at once be sure of the presence of dye and artificial weighting. Or take a small portion of the fibres between the thumb and forefinger, and very gently roll them over and over, and you will soon detect the gum, mineral, soap and other ingredients of the one and the absence of them in the other. A simple but effective test of the purity is to burn a small quantity of the fibres; pure silk will instantly crisp, leaving only a pure charcoal; heavily dyed silk will smoulder, leaving a yellow, greasy ash. If on the contrary, you cannot break the ten strands, and they are of a natural lustre and brilliancy, and fail to discolor the fingers at the point of contact, you may be well assured that you have a pure silk that is honest in its make and durable in its wear.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... {G. B. Anderson. G. W. Renfro.
" ..... {
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements see rates.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, $1.50, if paid in advance.
Six months, $1.00.
Three months, 50 cents.
Twenty-five copies one month, $4.00
All communications should be addressed to J. W. CROMWELL, Box 283, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
A. H. Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

LOCAL.

Articles for the LOCAL COLUMNS must reach this office by Thursday morning. All other communications not later than Wednesday morning.

Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—Mr. Edward Van Vrankin, of Albany, New York, is in the city.

—Mr. Rhoden Mitchell has our thanks for copies of the Congressional Record.

—Mr. M. M. Patterson formerly of this city, has returned to Kansas City, Missouri.

—What a contrast between to-day and one year ago. Who then would have dared the great changes?

—The Rev. N. M. Carroll, pastor of Asbury M. E. Church, has the condolence of the community in the loss of his wife.

—Ex-Ministee J. H Smyth, will speak next Tuesday night at the Bethel Literary at Bethel Hall, on SOME EXPERIENCES IN AFRICA.

—Ex-Gov. Pinchback has returned to New Orleans to assume the duties of Surveyor. His appointment gave great pleasure to his many admirers of this city.

—New styles of type are being added to our stock. If we cannot suit you once, try us again—for we are determined to suit, if you will just let us know where the fault is.

—FOR RENT.—Three rooms on first floor, with all modern conveniences. well adapted for house keeping. Rent moderate. For further particulars apply on the premises, southeast corner of 17th and L streets northwest, after six o'clock. p. m.

—A grand musical and literary reception will be given by the Board of Teachers of Ebenezer A. M. E. Sunday School at their church on Beall near Montg. St., Wednesday evening, March 8, 1882. Upon which occasion Mr. J. T. Layton, Washington's favorite singer, will for the first time appear before an auditory in West Washington and well-known amateurs will take part.

—If young ladies so near "the border line," as far as complexion and racial affinities are concerned, prefer to choose their escorts from a fairer race, they should at least select those who would give them the same social status as their late colored associates, and who when they attend theatrical and operatic performances will not take them to the "gallery of the gods" as was done in a recent instance.

—The lecture of Mr. Downing Tuesday night, at Bethel Hall drew a fair audience. Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts presided. After the lecture—a just tribute to the memory of the great senator,—remarks were made by Prof. Greener, Recorder Douglass, Dr. Crummell, when a vote of thanks was voted. Music was furnished at intervals by a selection from Bethel Choir and a quartette composed of Miss Tilghman, Mrs. Williams, Messrs. Cole and Grant sang "Rest Spirit, rest."

—James T. Jackson, very well-known resident of this city, and widely known throughout the North, died here last Saturday, after a long illness. His funeral took place Monday from his late residence 1218 M street northwest. His remains were largely attended, for he had a host friends, and by the Capital City Guard of which he was an honorary member. Mr. Jackson one of our most hospitable and public-spirited citizens and his loss will be sorely felt. He leaves a widow, two daughters and a son.

—The citizens of Bennings, met on Monday evening February 27, 1882 and organized a Branch Society of the Associated Charities for the District of Columbia. Mr. J. H. Voorhees was called to the chair and Mr. Charles D. Brodie elected secretary, after which the following named persons were elected Board of Directors: Mrs. Barker, Mr. Joseph Brooks, Mr. J. H. Voorhees, Miss Fannie Lacy, Mr. Charles D. Brodie, Mr. Fairley, Mrs. Rita Jackson, Mrs. Shaw and Mr. M. H. Hunter. Mr. M. H. Hunter was elected representative to the Associated Charities of the District of Columbia.

—The Monday night literary club held a highly enjoyable meeting at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Francis, 2112 Pa. ave. The essay was by Dr. S. L. Cook and was a masterful production on the "Æsthetic side of Poetry." The conversation which followed led by Prof. Greener and Mr. Minton was very animated and instructive. Quite a number of visitors were present, including Mrs. Frank Whipper, Beaufort, S. C.; Mrs. Julia Purnell, Camden, N. J; Mr. Edward Van Vrankin, Albany, New York and Mrs. Mary B Zemon Ewing, Bermuda, but now *en route* for her new home in Kansas and Mr. Wm Bozeman, of Kansas. Refreshments were served by the fair hostess. The next meeting will be held Monday, March 13, at the residence of Miss Moten, when the essay will be by Henry E. Baker Esq.

—African Wit and Humor was very cleverly discussed by the Hon. S. S. Cox of New York, at Lincoln Hall, Thursday nigt. For an hour and a quarter this gentleman held the attention of the audience by accounting for the philosophy of the wit and humor of the American Negro which bears the impress of oriental origin. His illustrations from the proverbs of Africa and the humor of the Southern Negro entertained the audience to such a degree that his lecture will be voted the most popular of the season, a simple announcement will be sufficient to pack any hall. At the close on motion of Hon. J. H. Smyth a vote of thanks was tendered the lecture. Frederick Douglass presided.

—The Bethel Literary Monday evening was held at Berean Baptist Church and was well attended. The papers of Mr J. L. Davis and L. H. Douglass, read at the previous meeting were discussed, by Messrs. R. J. Smith, J. W. Cromwell, C. D. Johnson, G. W. Cook and A. St. A. Smith, That of Race Pride elicited the warmest discussion. The "Colored Newspapers" were born "cussed" and discussed. Mr. Cook spoke rather disparagingly of them, but he was cornered by Mr. Johnson and literally flayed by Mr. Smith. Something said, brought Mr. Cromwell to his feet and he sharply retorted by saying that colored newspapers and editors would compare as favorably with the white newspapers as colored colleges and colored professors would with white colleges and white professors. He was then invited to deliver before the society a lecture on "The Negro in Journalism." Mr. T. J. Minton reads a paper at the next meeting which will be held at Bethel Hall on Tuesday evening next on "The Negro and the tenth Census."

G. U. O. of O. F.

39th Anniversary at Asbury M. E. Church.—Funeral of A. K. Manning.

The 39th Anniversary of the introdustion of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows in the District was celebrated Wednesday night at Asbury Church. The brethren of the patriarchy, council and sub-lodges were out in full regalia. P. G. M., Benjamin McCoy acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The following programme was carried out: organ voluntary, Miss E. V. Wood; anthem, "Make a Joyful Noise;" prayer by Rev. Payne; anthem, "Let every heart rejoice and sing;" introductory remarks by P. G. M. Benjamin McCoy, quartette, "Rock of Ages;" solo, "A Leaf from the Stray," by Miss A. Smith; address, "The Order its Principles and its Tendencies," by P. G. M., T. H. Wright; duet, "Hope Beyond," by Miss S. Tyler and Mr. S. Green; address, "The Order and its Advantages and Benefits," by P. G. M., J. W. Cromwell; chorus, "Arise and Shine;" address, "The Order. its Rise and Progress," including a statistical sketch, by M. V. P., Charles H. Shorter.

The collection for the church was then taken up amounting to $8.72 after which Mr. Isaac N Cary, formerly an active member of the Order in the District and in Canada, was introduced, making a few remarks. Mr. T. H. Green, of Mississippi, an active Odd Fellow of that State, was introduced. He made a very thrilling speech, afterwhich the closing ode was sung.

The funeral of the late Past Grand Master, A. K. Manning took place from the Zion Baptist Church, last Sunday at one o'clock. The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows were out in large numbers. P. G. M., Council No. 4 was out in a body. Rising Sun Lodge, of which the deceased was a member and officer, and Green Mountain Lodge of which the deceased was one of the organizing and visiting committee, were headed by their banners and large representations from sister lodges were in the ranks. Rev. William Gibbbons conducted the services, in which he was assisted by Rev. H. V. Plummer. He preached a brief discourse from the text "A great man has fallen to-day in Israel." Short exhortations, all testifying to the high moral worth and Christian character of the deceased, were made by Revs. J. Boulden, H. V. Plummer, W. J. Walker, T. S. Robluson, J. P. Shreeves and H. Scott. After these touching eulogies were delivered by Grand Master Forrester, Grand Secretary Bowser, Grand Treasurer Curtis and Deputy Grand Master S. W. Chase. The Sunday School of which the deceased was a very efficient superintendent furnished music at intervals, alternating with the choir. The fraternity and the remainder of, the congregation took leave of the remains, and the procession took up its quiet march for the Harmonial Cemetery where the enterment took place. The church was literally packed and a large crowd filled the street. The remains looked life like. The floral tributes were beautiful and consisted of a cross crowd and a broken column.

Extra Premiums.

To the YOUNG LADY who sends us ten subscribers, each for one year and the money fifteen dollars, whether the names and the amounts be sent all at once or not we will send the ADVOCATE one year free. also *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Mayazine* for one year.

It makes no difference how many ladies compete, *all can win* by sending us the required number of names and amounts, by the time specified. Specimen copies *free*.

The Mysteries of the Courts of Louis Napoleon, by Emile Zola, just publshed by T. B. Petterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a strong and realistic novel, written in the style that has made Zola famos the world over. It has absorbing interest, for in it he lays bare in thrilling language the inner life, intrigues, vices and corruptions of the Court of Louis Napoleon, and those who formed it. The corruptions of the time are pictured with no uncertain hand, and pen-and-ink portaits of well-known public men of the period are given in abundance. Under transparent disguises can be readily recognized those who were at once the chief upholders and destroyers of the last Napoleonic empire. De Morny is sharply drawn, and there figures in work an irtriguing fair American of whom the newspapers have had much to say. As a picture of the manner in which a scorned and slighted woman avenges herself, this work is absolutely without a parallel. Altogether the book is highly interesting. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, uniform with "Nana," and "L'Assommoir," price 75 cents, and will be found for sale by all Booksellers, at all News Stands and on all Railroad Trains, or copies of it will be sent to any place, at once, on remitting the price in a letter to the Publishers, T. B. Petterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

OUR SOCIETIES.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "SOCIETY COLUMN" PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of different fraternities.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896. J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st., Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Star of the West 1369 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. D. M. Chambers P. S. 115 7th s. e.

Mount Olive Lodge No. 1331 meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays, Judson Malvin P. S. Lock Box 6, or 1711 11th street.

METROPOLITAN LODGE, No 125, K. of W. M. 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7th Street n. w., J. W. Cromwell P. A., Dr. S. L. Cook G. S. and Medical Examiner.

DR. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

MME. ADAM.

LAIDE, (An Ugly Woman), soon to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most exciting and charming books ever written. Its author is the famous Mme Adam, Editress of the "Nouvelle Revue, being the Republican Madonna, of Paris, who is now commanding the attention of all Europe, and is about to visit St. Petersburg at the invitation of the Czarina. Her salon is the most popular and influential in Paris, as all the Ministers, all the Republican Generals, and all the Republican Journalists are assidnous at her receptions, the fair hostess being the special friend and admirer of Gambetta. She is also very handsome, has chameleon-like eyes, always magical in their glance, a charming Grecian nose, a pretty mouth, full, witty and good-humored, an ova face, is slender, tall, brown-haired, and is said to have the most splendid arms and beautiful shoulders in the world, and is also the first Solitaire in France. A striking likeness of this wonderful woman will be in the book. Other books in press by this firm are: "Winning the Battle," by Mary Von Erden Thomas, which is interesting and natural, and will be welcomed by all novel readers. "Monsieur Le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, a political novel of France, and supposed to be a pen and ink portrait of Gambetta's life as Minister. "Manon Lescaut," by The Abbe Prevost, being the love of the infatuated Chevalier des Grieux for the volatile and inconstant heroine, and the book Dumas mentions and praises in "Camille."

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing Turning, Boring, Drilling, Sanding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. EPHRAIM [illegible] Mass.

ADVOCATE COMBINATIONS.

RARE OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We offer the following popular periodicals to our readers at wonderful reduced figures for one year

Harper's Weekly,	$4 00;	with ADVOCATE.	$4 75
" Monthly,	4 00;	" "	4 55
" Bazaar,	4 00;	" "	4 75
Weekly Times,	1 00;	" "	2 30
" Tribune,	2 00;	" "	2 40
Semi-Weekly "	3 00;	" "	3 42
Independent,	3 00;	" "	4 00
Detroit Free Press,	2 00;	" "	2 85
American Agriculturist,	1 50;	" "	2 50
Nat Baptist,	2 50;	" "	3 75
Scribner's Monthly,	4 00;	" "	4 75
St. Nicholas,	3 00;	" "	3 90
North American Review,	5 00;	" "	5 50
Lippincott's Magazine,	3 00;	" "	3 85
Puck,	5 00;	" "	5 40
Atlantic Monthly,	4 00;	" "	4 75
N. England Journal of Education	2 50;	" "	3 50

CLUB INDUCEMENTS.

Any one sending us ten new subscribers to THE ADVOCATE and $15 will receive any one of the magazines in the above list one year, free.

Any one sending us ten new subscribers and $12 will receive THE ADVOCATE one year, free.

COLLAR PADS

For Farmers, Liverymen, Teamsters, Coachmen, Lumbermen, Express, Horse Car, Omnibus, Stage, Transport Co.'s.

WARRANTED TO CURE

Sore Shoulders, Galls, Chafing, caused by Friction Sweat, Hard Work. Act independent of Collar, soft, easy, cool, pliable. Assorted sizes, adjustable to ALL horses Made of Solid Leather, under a pressure of several tons, will outwear six ordinary Sweat Pads, are pronounced by the practical Harness makers the best improvement in Anti-Friction, Sweat or Collar Pads, to save misery of Horses, Wear and tear of collars. Sold by Saddlery Hardware Trade and Harness Makers everywhere. Sample can be sent free by Mail.

For Circulars and Price List, address

WESTERN LEATHER MANF'G CO.
CHICAGO.

Oct. 22,-1 yr

Startling as the pages of romance—from the lowest depths of slavery to a position among the first in the land, "Life and Times" of

FRED. DOUGLASS

written by himself; 18 full page illustrations; price $2.50. Outrivals "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in thrilling and romantic interest, with the added charm that every word is true. A marvellous story most graphically told and of great historical value. This volume will be eagerly sought for by the hundreds of thousands who have watched the remarkable career and have been thrilled by the eloquence of this wonderful man. H. W. BOLTON, 439 9th St., N. W., Riley Building.

"He is such a remarkable man that people like to read about him, and no wonder"—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"It is as inspiring as a poem."—*Woman's Journal.*

"No stranger story has been, or ever will be, told."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"It is a more absorbing tale than any creation of fiction."—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

"Destined to a wide sale."—*Hartford Courant.*

"The whole story is exceedingly well told."—*Rochester Democrat.*

Address PARK PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Nov. 26,-t. f.

I. DICKENS

NEW AND SECOND HAND

CLOTHING

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

No. 25 South 2nd St., (Basement,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

☞ Highest price paid for cast-off clothing.

KEYSTONE CNTENNIAL HOUSE

Nos. 625 and 627 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The traveling community and the public generally are respectfully informed that the above named House has been renovated and is now ready for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen where they will find all the comforts of a Home at moderate charges.

Boarding and Lodging, by the Day, Week or month.

MRS C. E. Gilbert Proprietress

THOMPSON'S SHIRT FACTORY.

816 F street, N. W.,

OPPOSITE PATENT OFFICE

Fine Dress Shirts to Order.

Ready Made Shirts at following prices:

Best Wamsutta, unfinished,	75cts.	Fin.,	90cts
Best F of the L.	"	55	80
Boys' Wamsutta	"	60	75

The Largest Line and Best Assortment of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

in the city, consisting of Neckwear, Gloves Scarfpins. A complete stock of Collars, Cuffs and Underwear. Money refunded when goods fail to suit.

JAMES J. THOMPSON
MANAGER.

For Rent,

on short or long lease, the well known and popular

"BANNEKER HOUSE,"

CAPE MAY, N. J.,

on favorable terms, partially furnished. Apply to

J. W. PAGE,
135 S. 4th St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MRS. JOSEPHINE DAVIS

Keeps on hand a full assortment of

PLAIN AND FANCY CANDIES.

714 K St., N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. S. COOLIDGE

Has for sale

CARPETS STOVES & FURNITURE

FROM THE

HAMILTON HOUSE SALE

AT HIS STABLES,

Stanton Alley, bwt. 13th & 14th, K & L.

CHEAP, FOR CASH ONLY.

WAGONS FOR HIRE.

Great Combination!

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

AND

DeMOREST'S Illustrated mONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

Both Publications, One Year,

FOR

$2.90, (TWO NINETY).

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY is justly entitled the World's Model Magazine. The largest in Form, the Largest in Circulation, and the best TWO Dollar Family Magazine issued. 1882 will be the eighteenth year of its publication; it is now improved as extensively as to place it in the front rank of Family Periodicals, and equal to any magazine. It contains 64 pages, large quarto, 8 1-2 x 11¼ inches, elegantly printed on tinted paper, fully illustrated, each number having steel engravings, oil picture, or art subjects, published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York, and by special agreement combined with the

PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE at $2.90 Per Year.

Oct. 29, t. f.

Health is Wealth!

DR. R. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receip of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address STOTT AND CROMWELL, sole agents, 490 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. Sept. 17-1yr

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances of making money that are offered, generally become wealthy while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an extensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free

Address STINSON & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new $20 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address

H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.

Sold by Stott and Cromwell. Sept. 17-1y

B. Robinson & Co.

CLOTHIERS

909 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

dec14.tf

A GREAT OFFER!

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!!

To Our Subscribers Only!!!

All new subscribers received before Feb. 28, 1882, or paid up subscriptions who renew before Feb. 28, 1882, of all delinquent subscribers, who pay arrearages and renew before February 1, each will receive the following Library of twelve Standard works, each bound in a separate volume in fine manila, postage free, all for the nominal sum of One Dollar in addition to the subscription price of this paper:

Macaulay's Essays. Selected.
Carlisle's Essays. Selected.
Calamities of Authors. Disreali.
Self-Culture. Blackie.
Alfred the Great. Hughes.
Manliness of Christ. Hughes.
America Revisited. Sala.
Bacon.
Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.
Culture and Religion. Sharp.
Ruskin's Frondes Agrestes.
Ruskin's Ethices of the Dust.

Here is a library of twelve volumes which sells, in cloth, at from $10 to $15, all to be had by our subscribers for the mere outlay of one dollar in addition to the subscription price of this paper. Remember the time of expiration of this great offer. Accept at once.

MISS BELLE LUCAS

AGENT FOR

MME. DEMOREST'S

RELIABLE PATTERNS

Corner Eighth Street and Market Space.

PLAITING, PARISIAN MODE, AT OLD STAND, 909 NINTH ST., N. W.

sept6.tf

GET YOUR

JOB PRINTING

DONE AT

OUR OFFICE

609 Louisiana Ave., near the P. O.

DON'T FORGET

THE NUMBER.

Estimates by postal card promptly given

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Christian Recorder,

631 PINE STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA

A GREAT FAMILY AND RELIGIOUS

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Official Organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Official Organ of the Masonic Fraternity,

Official Organ of the I. O. G. T. of the World.

Subscription $2 per year, in advance.

B. T. Tanner, D. D. - - Editor

Rev. Theodore Gould - - Publish.